



X-MEN

In the Clutches of...



AN SLAUGHT



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6 ALEM CENTER,
NEW YORK...

DIRECTION?
CERTAINLY,
MISS.

THE
DRESS SHOP
IS TWO BLOCKS
STRAIGHT
DOWN.

MY
PLEASURE... YOU
HAVE A PLEASANT
DAY NOW,
HEAR?

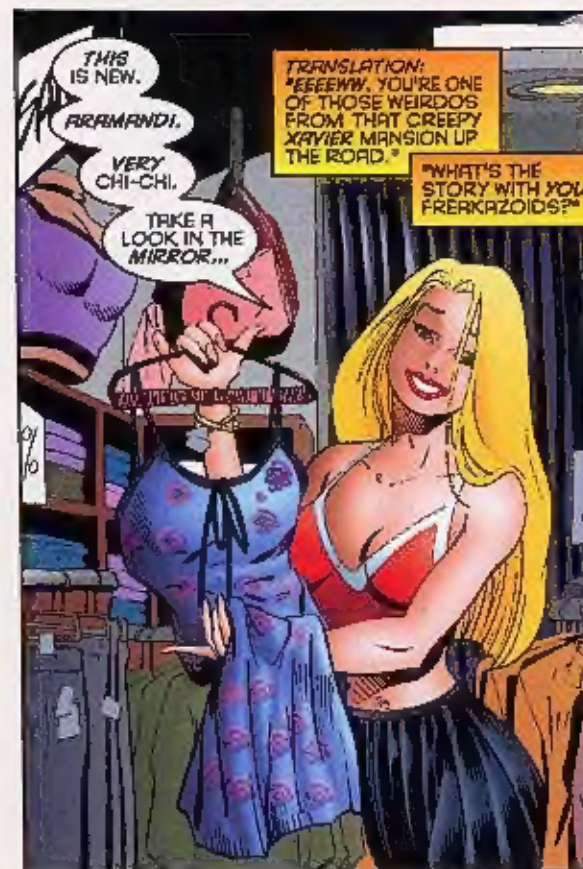
TRANSLATION:
"PLEASE WALK UP
AND DOWN MY
NAKED CHEST IN
STILETTO HEELS."



SUN
DRESSES? WE
HAVE SOME IN
THE REAR...
AND WON'T YOU
LOOK LOVELY
IN THEM!

TRANSLATION:
"YOU'RE A SIZE
EIGHT, AREN'T
YOU?"

"I HATE YOU."



THIS
IS NEW.

ARRAMANDI.

VERY
CHI-CHI.

TAKE A
LOOK IN THE
MIRROR...

TRANSLATION:
"EEEEWW, YOU'RE ONE
OF THOSE WEIRDOS
FROM THAT CREEPY
XAVIER MANSION UP
THE ROAD."

"WHAT'S THE
STORY WITH YOU
FREAKAZOIDS?"



WELCOME TO A
DAY IN THE LIFE
OF A TELEPATH.

YEARS AGO, JEAN GREY RESIGNED
HERSELF TO THE MADNESS THAT WHAT
PEOPLE SAID AND WHAT THEY
THOUGHT WEREN'T OFTEN THE SAME.

NORMALLY, SHE'S
QUITE ACCOMPLISHED
AT TUNING OUT THE
HYPOCRISY... BUT
WHEN HER GUARD IS
DOWN...

... WHEN SHE'S JUST
TRYING TO HAVE A
DECENT SATURDAY...
SCREENING'S SIMPLY
TOO MUCH OF A
CHORE.

STILL, SHE'S LEARNED TO GRIN AND BEAR IT. PEOPLE HAVE THEIR SECRETS. THAT'S JUST THE WAY THEY ARE.

LITTLE DOES SHE REALIZE THAT TODAY, HER ETERNAL PATIENCE WITH THAT ASPECT OF HUMAN NATURE...

...WILL BE PUT TO A TERRIFYING TEST.

STAN LEE PRESENTS
AN ADVENTURE OF THE **X-men**

FALSE FRONTS

MARK WAID STORY ANDY KUBERT PENCILS CAM SMITH WITH AN ASSIST FROM JOHN DELL, ON P. 6 INKS

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HELLO, JEAN.

YOU DO NOT KNOW ME... BUT TRUST ME...

... WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS...

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RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT LETTERING JOE ROSAS COLORS MALIBU ENHANCEMENT BOB HARRAS EDITOR

THE EVENTS IN THIS ISSUE TAKE PLACE AFTER X-FORCE #55 - Bob!

X-MEN® Vol. 1, No. 53, June, 1996. (ISSN #1083-4028) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Gerard Calabrese, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1996 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.95 per copy in the U.S. and \$2.75 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. \$23.40; Canadian subscribers must add \$10.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. Foreign \$35.40. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. X-MEN (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO X-MEN, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING CORP./SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 1979 DANBURY, CT. 06813-1979. TELEPHONE # (203) 743-5331. Printed in Canada.



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RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT
LETTERING

JOE ROSAS
COLORS

MALIBU
ENHANCEMENT

BOB HARRAS
EDITOR



THIS IS
THE ASTRAL
PLANE! BUT
HOW DID I
GET...?

WHO
ARE...?

I BROUGHT
YOU HERE. CALL
ME A SYMPATHIZER,
A KINDRED SPIRIT
OF THE HOMO
SUPERIOR
RACE.

SOMEONE
ANXIOUS TO
PREPARE YOU FOR
YOUR ROLE AS A
KEY PLAYER IN
THE DAYS SOON
TO COME...

...THE
DAYS IN WHICH
HUMAN-MUTANT
RELATIONS WILL
FINALLY...

...AFTER
DECADES OF
MISDEEDS AND
MISTRUST...

...REACH
THEIR ULTIMATE
FLASHPOINT.

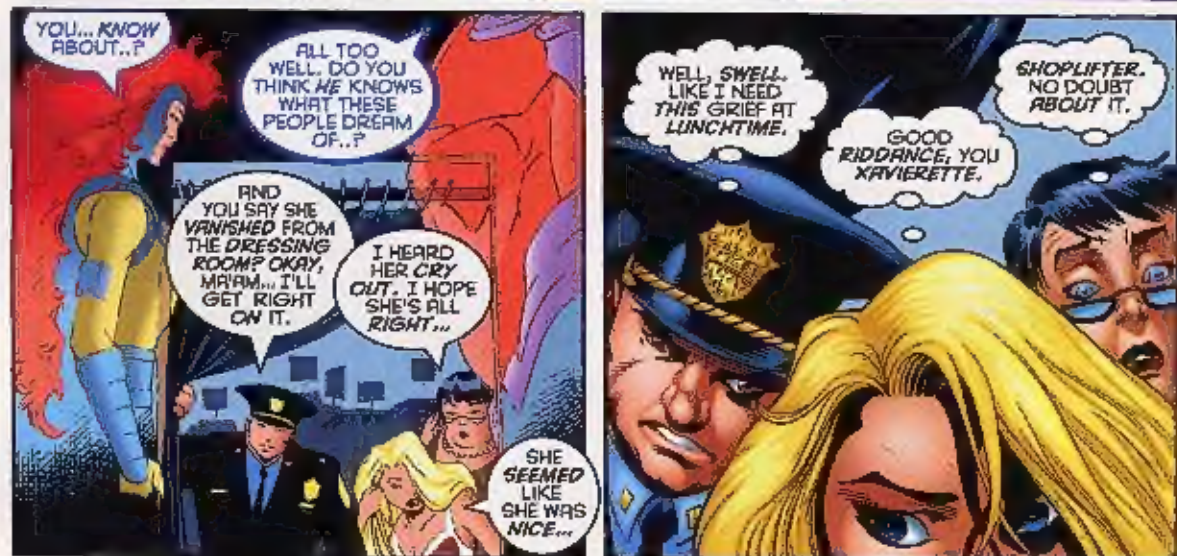
FLASHPOINT?
THAT'S A LITTLE
DRAMATIC,
ISN'T IT?



TIMES ARE BAD FOR
MUTANTS... AS BAD AS
THEY'VE EVER BEEN,
MAYBE...

... BUT
WE FIGHT FOR
A BRIGHTER
TOMORROW. WE
SHARE A --

"DREAM"?
YOUR PRECIOUS
PROFESSOR'S
DREAM?



YOU... KNOW
ABOUT...?

ALL TOO
WELL. DO YOU
THINK HE KNOWS
WHAT THESE
PEOPLE DREAM
OF...?

AND
YOU SAY SHE
VANISHED FROM
THE DRESSING
ROOM? OKAY,
MA'AM... I'LL
GET RIGHT
ON IT.

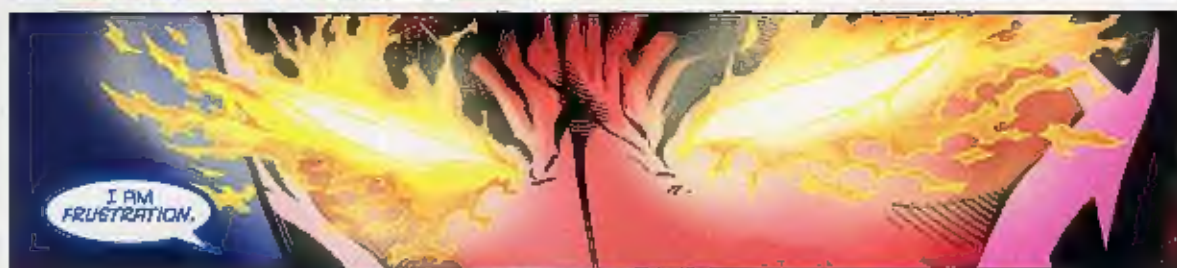
I HEARD
HER CRY
OUT. I HOPE
SHE'S ALL
RIGHT...

SHE
SEEMED
LIKE
SHE WAS
NICE...

WELL, SWELL.
LIKE I NEED
THIS GRIEF AT
LUNCHTIME.

SHOPLIFTER.
NO DOUBT
ABOUT IT.

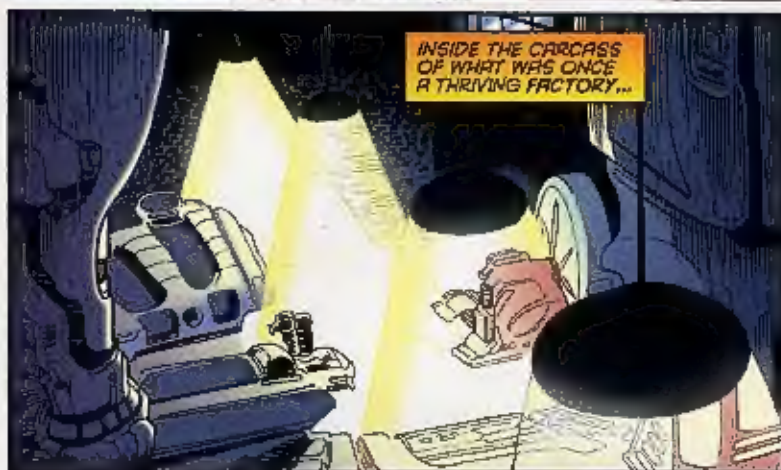
GOOD
RIDDANCE, YOU
XAVIERETTE.





NEW JERSEY.

THE GARDEN
STATE.

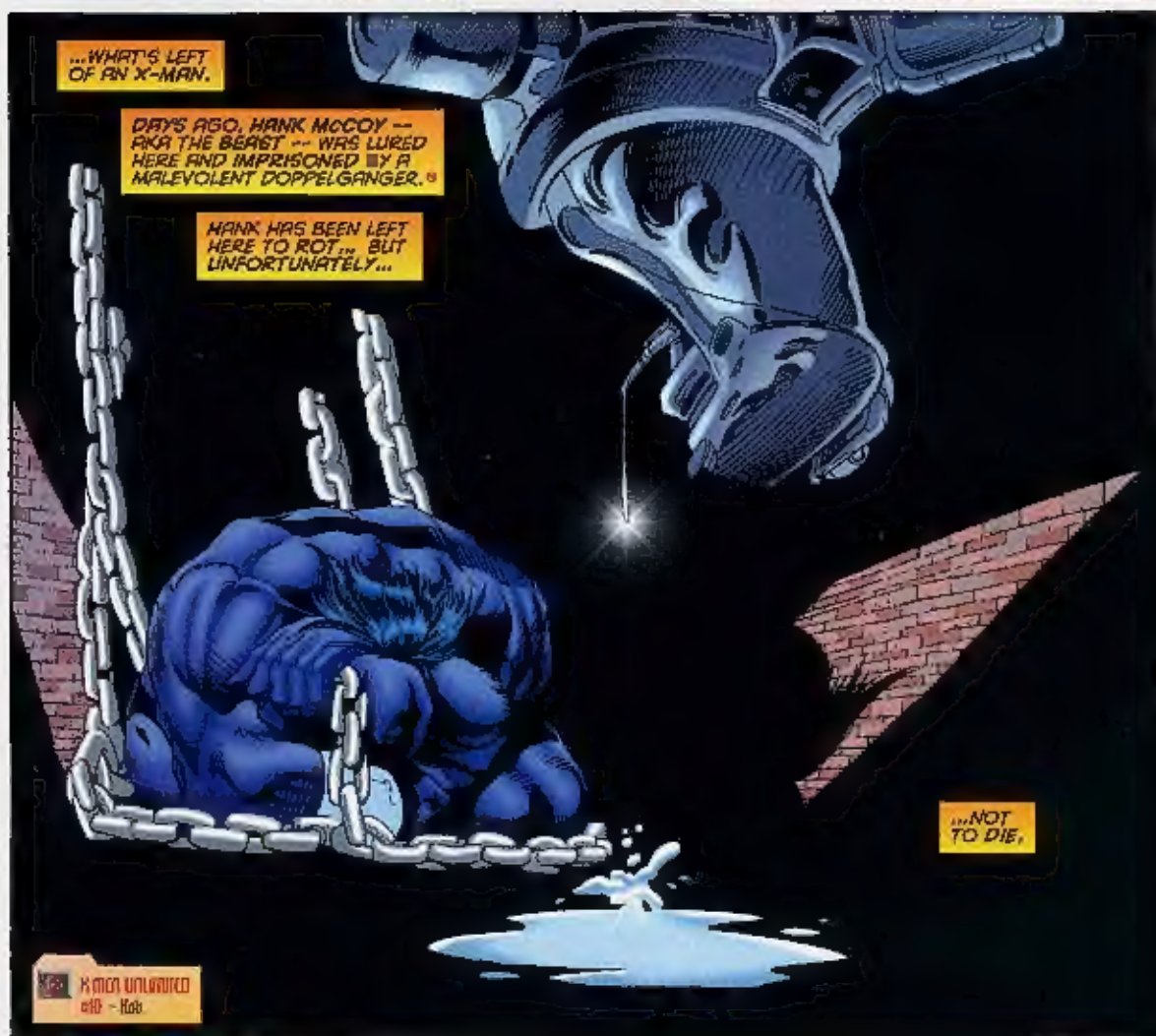


INSIDE THE CARCASS
OF WHAT WAS ONCE
A THRIVING FACTORY...



...THERE EXISTS
A FRESHLY-LAID
BRICK WALL.

AND BEHIND
THAT WALL...



...WHAT'S LEFT
OF AN X-MAN.

DAYS AGO, HANK MCCOY --
AKA THE BEAST -- WAS LURED
HERE AND IMPRISONED BY A
MALEVOLENT DOPPELGÄNGER.

HANK HAS BEEN LEFT
HERE TO ROT... BUT
UNFORTUNATELY...

...NOT
TO DIE.

X-MEN UNLIMITED
#10 - Rob

WOULD THAT HANK'S WILL
WERE AS STRONG AS THE
CHAINS THAT BIND HIM.

SO FAR, HE HAS ANGRILY
SPURNED THE LIFE-SUSTAINING
CHARITIES OF HIS CAPTOR.

PULL YOURSELF
TOGETHER, MCCOY.
YOU WANT TO
GIVE UP...

...BUT
YOU DARE
NOT.

IN TIME, HOWEVER...
SPITE HAS BECOME
A POOR SUBSTITUTE
FOR WATER...

CAREFUL...
CAREFUL...

CONSERVE
IT. THERE CAN'T
BE MUCH.

SO
PARCHED...
I NEED MORE...
THAN THESE
MEAGER
DROPS...

COME
ON. GIVE
ME MORE...
JUST A
LITTLE...

JUST A
LITTLE --

KRAK

NO.

NOOOO!

FW
SH
H

NOOOO...

WELL DONE,
YOU OVERZEALOUS
FOOL. THAT'S
IT. THE END.

NO FOOD...
NO WATER...

...NOTHING
LEFT BUT...

...HOPE...?

THE
DRAINING
WATER...
REVEALING A
HIDDEN TRAP
DOOR...

...AND
PERHAPS...
JUST
PERHAPS...

...A
WAY OUT
OF HERE...





HAIL TO THE CHIEF, STEVEN! HAIL TO THE CHIEF! WE'LL SHOW THOSE MUTANTS WHO'S BOSS. WON'T WE?

NOT A DOUBT IN MY MIND, SIR!

I'LL KEEP SPREADING THE GOOD WORD ABOUT GRAYDON CREED...



AND THAT WORD IS "SAP"

MUTANTS, SCHMUTANTS. I DON'T CARE ABOUT 'EM ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, YOU POMPOUS IDIOT.

ALL THAT MATTERS TO ME IS DRIVING THIS BANDWAGON STRAIGHT UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE. I PULL THAT OFF...



AND THEY'LL CALL ME THE KINGMAKER.

...LITTLE OLD ME...



HOW'S THAT FOR HYPOCRISY? THE X-MEN'S DREAM OF HUMAN-MUTANT HARMONY WON'T WIN THAT ONE OVER, WILL IT? IT CAN'T.

HE HAS NO FEELINGS TO APPEAL TO. MUTANTS DON'T EVEN MATTER TO HIM. HE'LL PERSECUTE YOU JUST BECAUSE IT'S IN HIS DAYMINDER TO DO IT

HYPOCRISY
DUPLICITY

I'M AWARE OF IT THIS IS EXACTLY WHY I ENDEAVOR TO SHUT OUT THE THOUGHTS OF ORDINARY PEOPLE.

BETTER YET, THIS IS WHY I SURROUND MYSELF WITH FRIENDS.

PEOPLE I TRUST IMPLICITLY TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH ME ABOUT HOW THEY REALLY FEEL.



YOU DON'T SAY

AND WHAT IF I SHOWED YOU THAT THOSE DEAREST TO YOU THOSE MOST LIKE YOU... HARBOR SECRETS OF THEIR OWN...?

HOLORADO.

WHERE, FOR THE
NINTH CONSECUTIVE
HOUR

BETSY BRADDOCK
SCREAMS.

AAAAA!

WHERE THE NERVES OF WARREN
WORTHINGTON III -- THE X-MAN
KNOWN AS THE HIGH-FLYING
ARCHANGEL -- ARE SHAVED TO
AN EDGE -- NOT JUST BY BETSY'S
CRIES -- BUT BY --

-- THE
SHADOWS.
THEY'RE WHAT'S
KILLING HER.

I DON'T
KNOW WHERE
THEY CAME FROM...
BUT THEY FALL
AND RISE WITH
HER PAIN.

I
THOUGHT I
COULD GET HER
AWAY FROM THEM.
BUT THEY FOLLOWED J'S
HOME.

WUL...

WARREN?

SHHH
I'M RIGHT HERE,
SWEETHEART. I WANT
TO HELP, BUT I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO --

WAIT

THE
SHADOWS...
THEY'RE
DRAWING
TOGETHER
AGAIN.

HHNNNNH

INTO A
FORM...

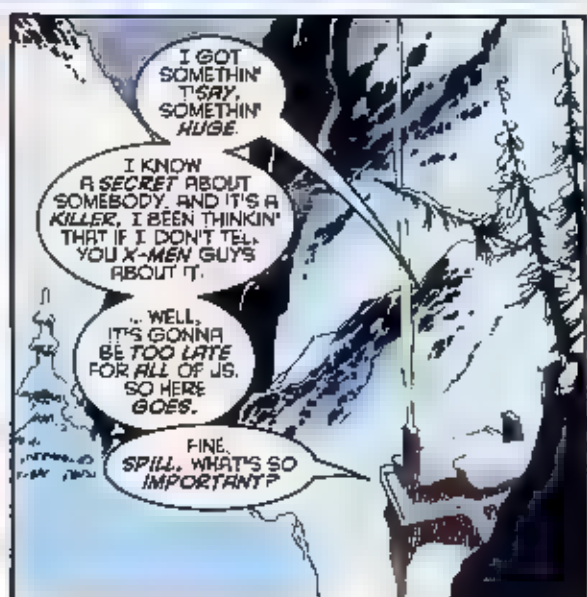
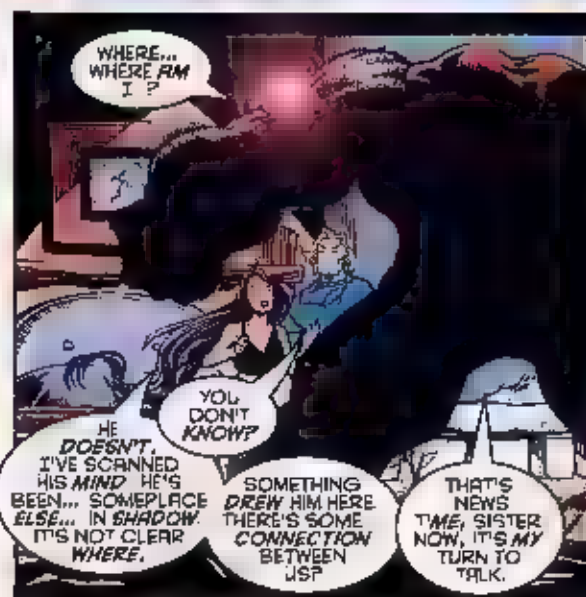
HHNNNNH

ALMOST
HUMAN. ?

:(GASP):

WARREN,
IT'S --!

WARREN,
GET BACK!
GET --





IT'S.

H-HE'S...

"I'VE
S-SU-
SEEN..."

WHAT?
TELL US!

HE WANTS
TO...

... BUT HE
CANNOT.

FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME, THE
UNSTOPPABLE JUGGERNAUT
HAS COME ACROSS A BARRIER
THROUGH WHICH EVEN HE
CANNOT BREAK



- A MENTAL BLOCK
THAT PREVENTS HIM
FROM SPEAKING A
TRUTH THAT MAY
SAVE THE WORLD.

HE FIGHTS
IT -- FIGHTS
HARD --

-- AND
FINALLY --



- SURRENDERS

AH... THE
HECK WITH
IT!

LOOK
OUT!

FOR
HEAVEN'S SAKE,
JUGGERNAUT --
WE'RE ATOP A
CLIFF!



YEAHP?

SOP?



THE
GROUND'LL
BREAK MY
FALL.

HEH.

GREAT SO
I GUESS I'M WALKIN'
T' WESTCHESTER

MUCH AS
I HATE T'THROW
IN WITH THOSE
MOOKS CHARLIE
CALLS HIS
STUDENTS...

... THERE'S
ONLY ONE MUTIE
ON EARTH I TRUST
T'FIGGER OUT WHAT
MY THICK SKULL
IS HIDIN'

THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING.

THE MANSION? HE KNOWS WHERE WE LIVE?

HOW COULD HE HAVE LEARNED ALL THIS WITHOUT US BEING AWARE?

THOSE DEAREST TO ME, YOU SAY?

I'M CALLING YOUR BLUFF. YOU MEAN SCOTT? DON'T YOU TRY AGAIN.

MY HUSBAND AND I SHARE AN INTIMACY I DOUBT SOMEONE LIKE YOU COULD EVEN BEGIN TO FATHOM.

DON'T EVEN TALK TO ME ABOUT SCOTT SUMMERS.

HASN'T HAD AN INDEPENDENT THOUGHT SINCE HE WAS FIFTEEN. HE HAS NO WILL OF HIS OWN.

HE'S THE DOTTING LAPDOG OF YOUR MENTOR...

PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER.

THE PROFESSOR? YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE GOING TO SHOW ME SOMETHING ABOUT THE PROFESSOR THAT I DON'T ALREADY KNOW?

CONGRATULATIONS ON OVERPLAYING YOUR HAND.

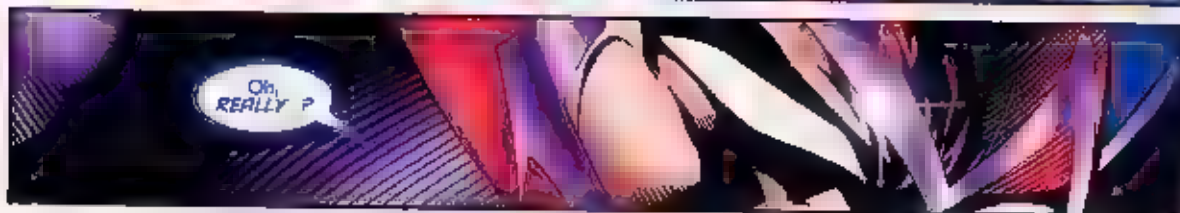
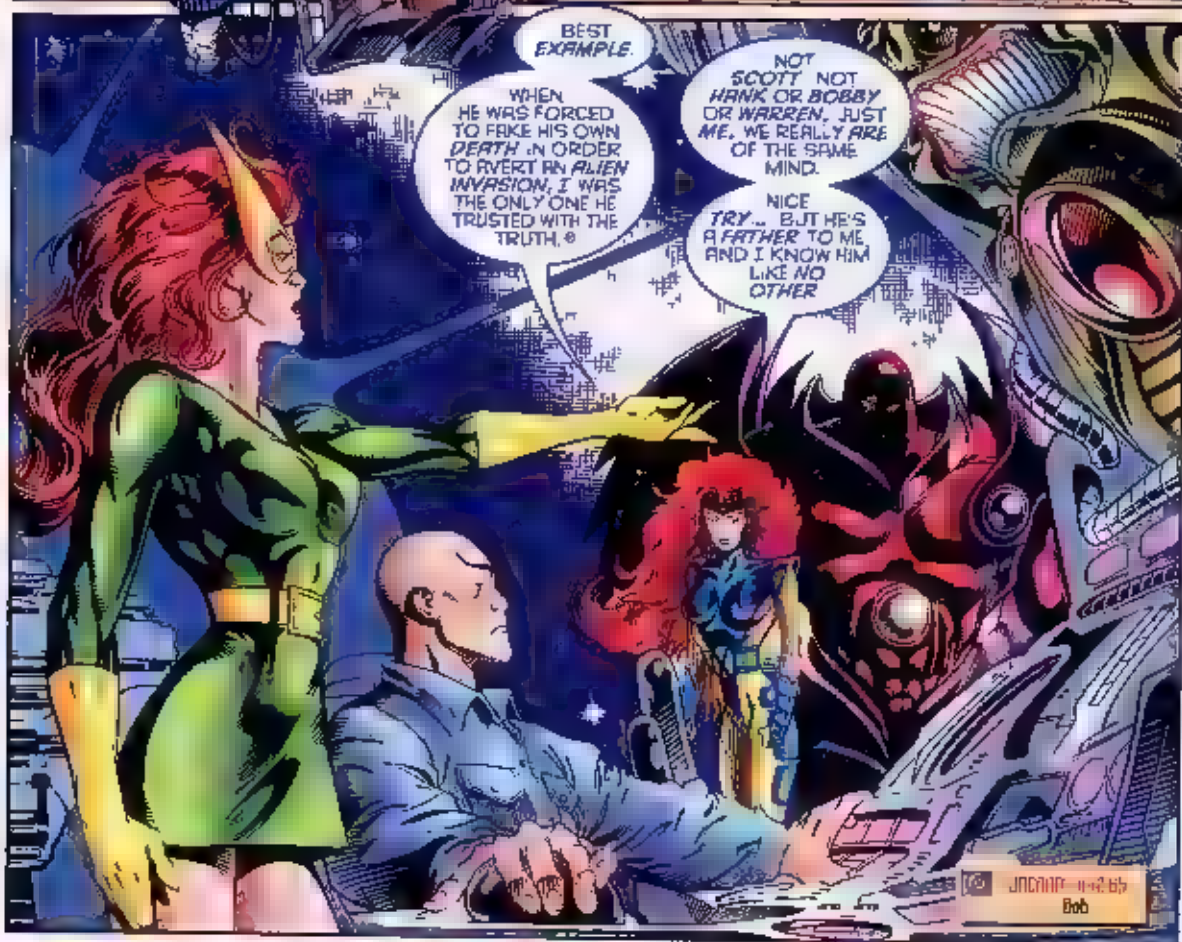
NOW I'M HAVING A TOUGH TIME TAKING YOU SERIOUSLY.

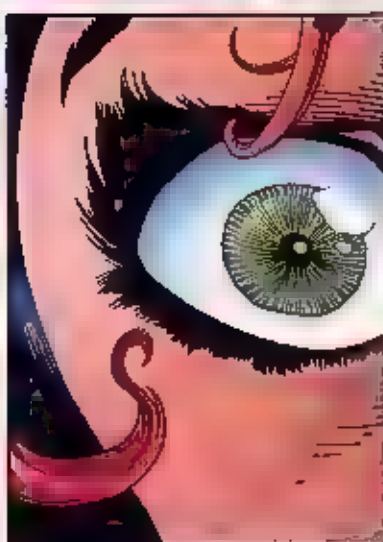
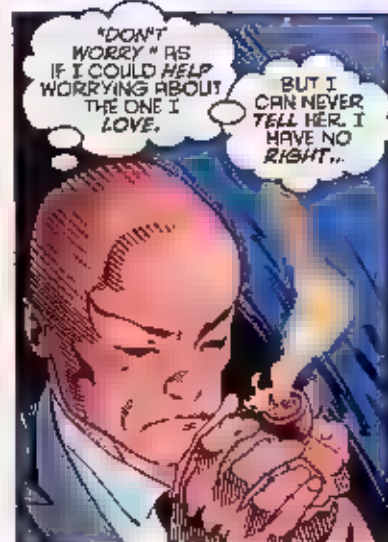
THE PROFESSOR AND I ARE TWO OF THE MOST POWERFUL TELEPATHS ON EARTH.

WE'VE SHARED SECRETS NONE OF THE OTHER X-MEN HAVE EVER KNOWN.

LET ME SHOW YOU WHO YOU'RE ACCUSING OF HYPOCRISY, PAL.

YOU FOLLOW ME







TCH,
PSEUDO-DADDY
DEAREST,
DISGRACEFUL.

NO.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
HE NEVER

THIS
SN'T
REAL! YOU
CREATED
THIS

YOU'RE
IN HIS MIND.
YOU KNOW ITS
REAL.



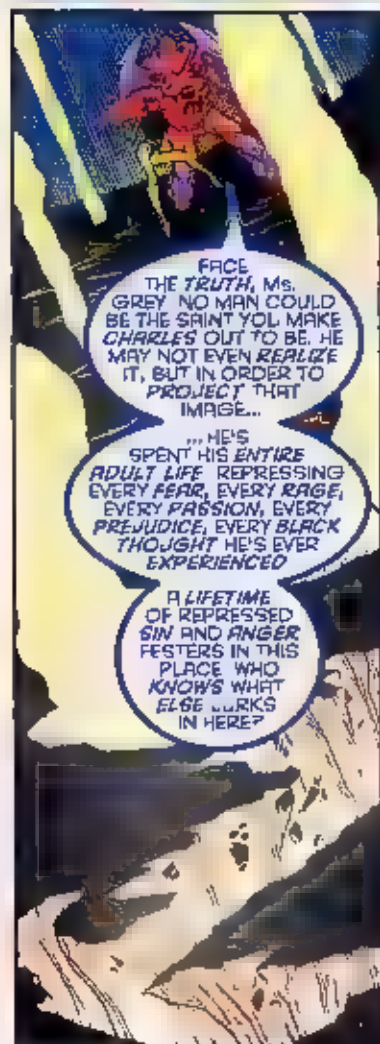
RELAX.

IT'S NOT A TORCH.
HE'S BEEN CARRYING.
BELIEVE ME, HE LOCKED
IT AWAY LONG AGO...
FORGOT ABOUT
IT

LIKE EVERY OTHER NEGATIVE
EMOTION CHARLES XAVIER
EVER FELT, HE ENTOMBED
IT...

...TAMPED
IT DOWN...

...BURIED
IT



FACE
THE TRUTH, Ms.
GREY. NO MAN COULD
BE THE SAINT YOU MAKE
CHARLES OUT TO BE. HE
MAY NOT EVEN REALIZE
IT, BUT IN ORDER TO
PROJECT THAT
IMAGE...

... HE'S
SPENT HIS ENTIRE
ADULT LIFE REPRESSING
EVERY FEAR, EVERY RAGE,
EVERY PASSION, EVERY
PREJUDICE, EVERY BLACK
THOUGHT HE'S EVER
EXPERIENCED

A LIFETIME
OF REPRESSED
SIN AND ANGER
FESTERS IN THIS
PLACE WHO
KNOWS WHAT
ELSE WORKS
IN HERE?



NO!

Noooo!

SECRET
FEARS... SECRET
HATREDS... THE SAME
DARK, DARK, SHAMEFUL
THOUGHTS THAT
EVERYONE HAS...
AND EVERYONE
HIDES.

TASTE
THEM,
JEAN.

DRINK
THEM ALL
IN... EVERY
ONE.



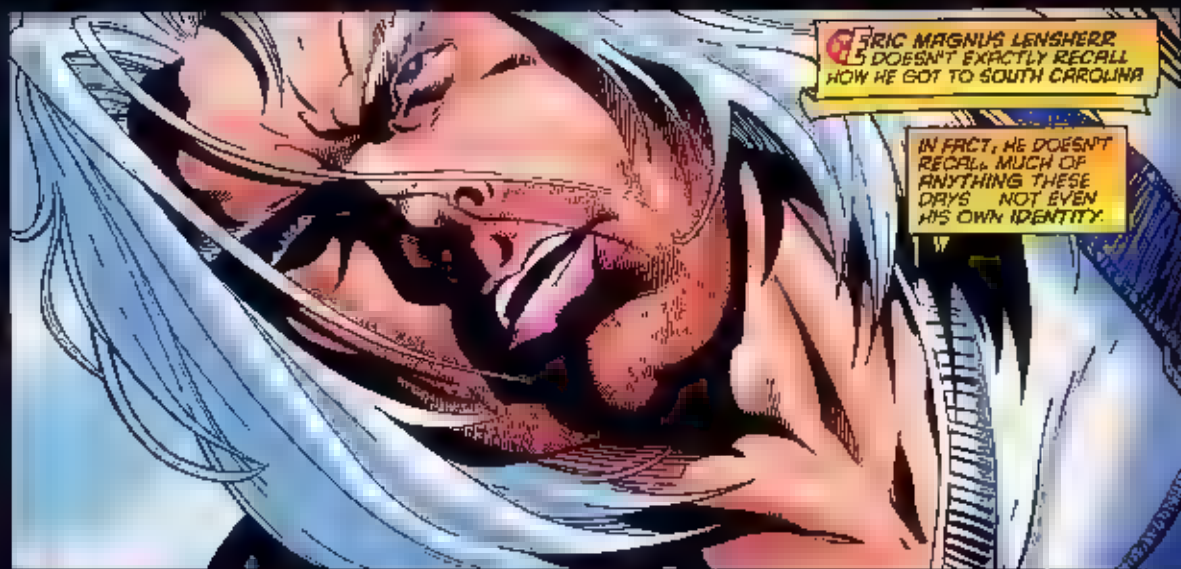
AND
KNOW THE
TRUE
XAVIER.

WHO...

WHO

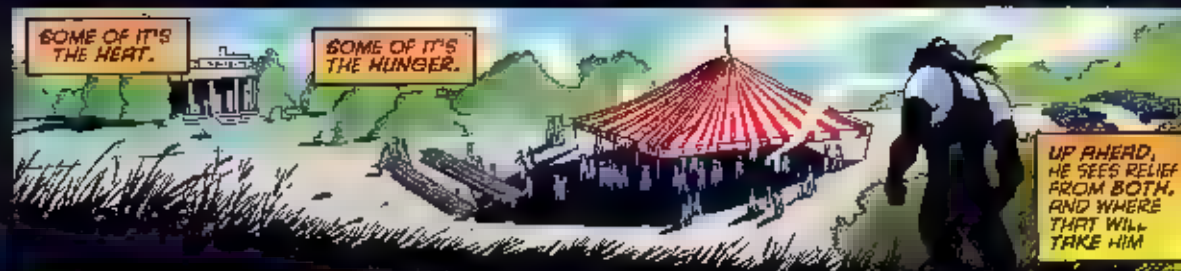
ARE

YOU?



ERIC MAGNUS LENSHERR
5 DOESN'T EXACTLY RECALL
HOW HE GOT TO SOUTH CAROLINA

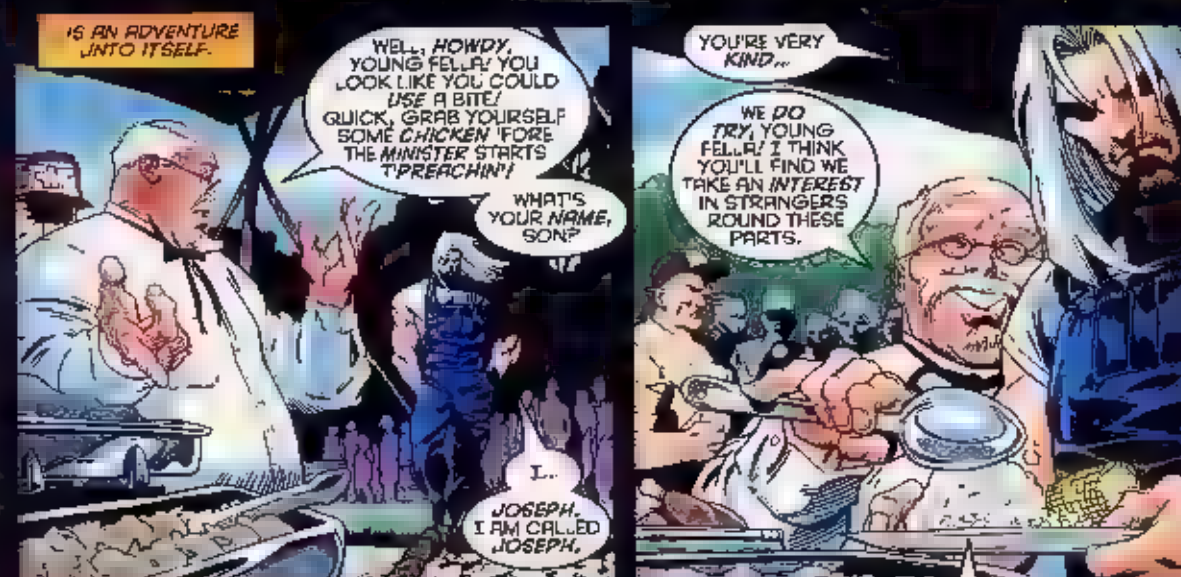
IN FACT, HE DOESN'T
RECALL MUCH OF
ANYTHING THESE
DAYS. NOT EVEN
HIS OWN IDENTITY.



SOME OF IT'S
THE HEAT.

SOME OF IT'S
THE HUNGER.

UP AHEAD,
HE SEES RELIEF
FROM BOTH,
AND WHERE
THAT WILL
TAKE HIM



IS AN ADVENTURE
INTO ITSELF.

WELL, HOWDY,
YOUNG FELLA! YOU
LOOK LIKE YOU COULD
USE A BITE!
QUICK, GRAB YOURSELF
SOME CHICKEN 'FORE
THE MINISTER STARTS
T'PREACHIN'!

WHAT'S
YOUR NAME,
SON?

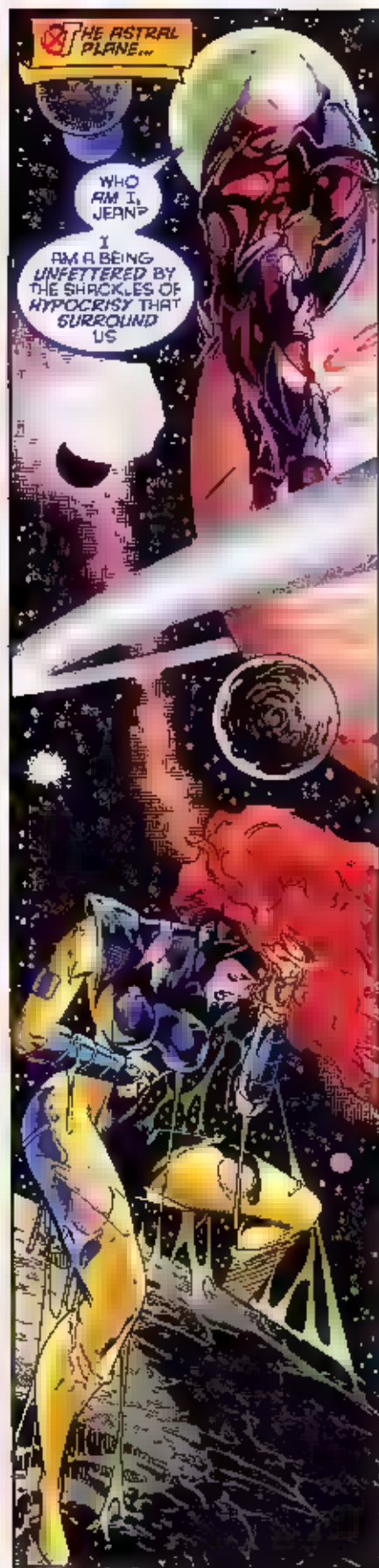
I..
JOSEPH.
I AM CALLED
JOSEPH.

YOU'RE VERY
KIND...

WE DO
TRY, YOUNG
FELLA! I THINK
YOU'LL FIND WE
TAKE AN INTEREST
IN STRANGERS
ROUND THESE
PARTS.

A
MIGHTY FIERCE
INTEREST...





THE ASTRAL PLANE...

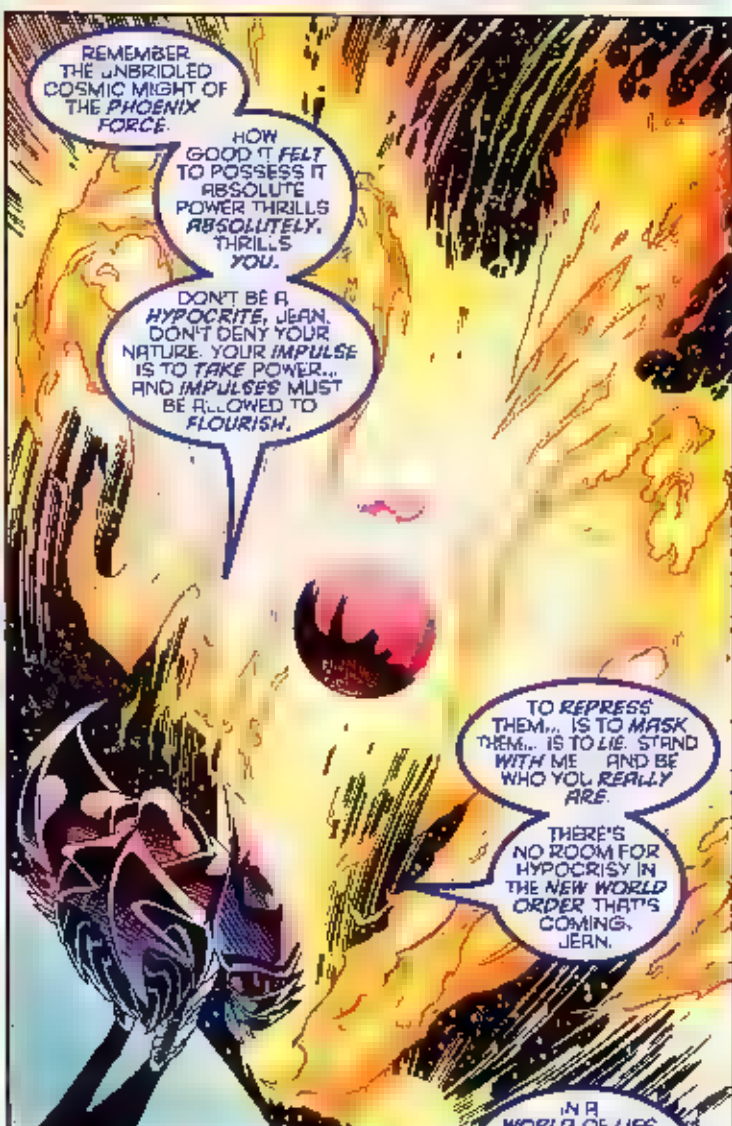
WHO AM I, JEAN?

I AM A BEING UNFETTERED BY THE SHACKLES OF HYPOCRISY THAT SURROUND US



I AM RAW POWER... FULLY UNLEASHED... AS YOU ONCE WERE.

AS YOU CAN BE AGAIN BY JOINING WITH ME



REMEMBER THE UNBRIDLED COSMIC MIGHT OF THE PHOENIX FORCE.

HOW GOOD IT FELT TO POSSESS IT ABSOLUTE POWER THRILLS ABSOLUTELY, THRILLS YOU.

DON'T BE A HYPOCRITE, JEAN. DON'T DENY YOUR NATURE. YOUR IMPULSE IS TO TAKE POWER... AND IMPULSES MUST BE ALLOWED TO FLOURISH.

TO REPRESS THEM... IS TO MASK THEM... IS TO LIE. STAND WITH ME AND BE WHO YOU REALLY ARE.

THERE'S NO ROOM FOR HYPOCRISY IN THE NEW WORLD ORDER THAT'S COMING, JEAN.

IN A WORLD OF LIES, I WILL BE THE ONE TRUTH... THE TRUTH AND THE WAY. APPEARANCES WILL NO LONGER DECEIVE.

BE MY CONSORT, JEAN.

EMBRACE MY POWER...

...AND BE YOURSELF.





IF YOU
THINK I'D EVER
AGREE TO A
PROPOSAL LIKE
THAT —

— THEN
YOU HAVE
NO IDEA WHO
YOU'RE
DEALING
WITH!

FWASSH



WHOEVER
YOU ARE, YOU FUMLED
THE BALL BY TRYING TO
STIR UP MY ANGER... MY
DISAPPOINTMENT.

I LIVE
IN A WORLD OF
HYPOCRITES? THIS
IS NEWS TO ME?
GET REAL, I'M
USED TO IT.

IT
DOESN'T MAKE
ME ANGRY
ANYMORE. IT
DOESN'T MAKE
PEOPLE
EVIL.

BUT THEN,
YOU'RE SO SMART...
YOU KNOW ME SO
WELL... YOU MUST
HAVE KNOWN THAT I
WOULDN'T FOLLOW
YOU.



SO WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT,
LITTLE MAN? PEOPLE MEAN
DIFFERENT THINGS THAN
THEY SAY? FINE, YOU'RE
NO EXCEPTION.

WHY HAVE
YOU REALLY COME
TO ME? WHY'D YOU
PUT ME THROUGH
THIS?

WHAT USE
AM I TO YOU
SINCE YOU KNOW
I WON'T FOLLOW
YOU?

WHO
ARE
YOU?



I THINK YOU
ALREADY KNOW,
JEAN.



"KNOW MY NAME."



A close-up, high-contrast comic book illustration of Jean Grey's face. She has vibrant red, wavy hair and large, expressive green eyes. Her expression is one of intense focus or strain. On her forehead, the word "UNFALDER" is written in a jagged, blue, blocky font. Several streams of yellow and orange telekinetic flames or energy are erupting from her forehead and hair. The background is dark blue.

"KNOW MY
NAME."

CONTINUED IN TWO WEEKS IN
UNCANNY X-MEN #334!